

GOLDEN STAIR.

Words by W. D. Smith, Jr.

Music by J. P. Webster.

Put away the little dresses,
That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never,
She has climbed the Golden Stair;
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting,
In the realm of perfect bliss.

Angels whisper that our darling,
Is in the lands of love so fair;
That her little feet are waiting,
Close beside the Golden Stair.

Lay aside her little playthings,
Wet with mother's pearly tears,—
How we shall miss little Nellie,
All the coming, weary years!
Fold the dainty, little dresses,
That she never more will wear,
For her little feet are waiting,
Up above the Golden Stair.

Angels whisper, &c.

Kiss the little curly tresses,
Cut from her bright golden hair,
Do the angels kiss our darling,
In the realm so bright and fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling,
For a long, long sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting,
And we meet her face to face,

Angels whisper, &c.

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